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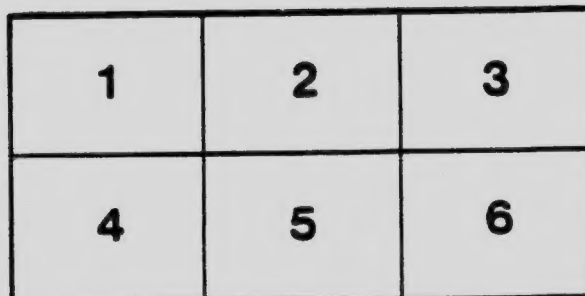
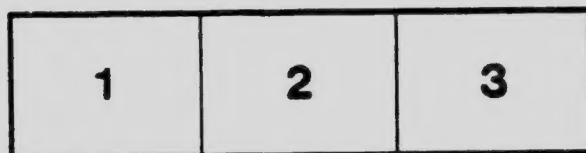
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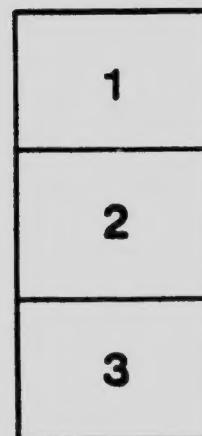
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25-26

5

POEMS

That will interest everybody



BY

ANGUS McLAUGHLIN

POEMS THAT WILL INTEREST
———EVERYBODY———

BY

ANGUS McLAUGHLIN.

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THE BLACK BIRDS.

A band of black birds pulled in to-day,
All from the sunny south;
They rode in state upon the winds,
Each had a private car.
They came from southern lands so fair,
From far off sunny south;
We knew it by the coats they wear
And by their proud turnout.

A happier band you cannot find
In all the world around;
Than a band of black birds from the south,
That light upon the ground.

And when the spring time comes,
How well the birds all know,
Its not the time to sleep; its not the time to rest!
But early in the morning they start to build their nest.
And when they find a place that they decide upon
And think it is the best,
Away they fly to look for threads
To tie around their nest.

But first they build the wall;
And make it very round.
Sometimes that wall is made of clay,
That they have carried far away,
And mixed it with the ground.
And when four weeks have passed away
Of rain and sun and showers,
Out come four little tiny birds
To pass away the hours.

And when they're four or five weeks old
And that's not very long,
Their parents quickly pass that way,
And not a word they seem to say.

Then they quickly turn about
And with a chirp, they fly away,
And that means, birds turn out.

And if God spares their little lives,
They will soon commence to sing,
And praise the One that gives them strengtl.
To glide upon the wing.

ON THE DEATH OF FATHER-IN-LAW.

Oh! little birds how can you sing?
How can you sing this bleak cold day?
When death is right here at the door
To take our friend away!

There is a train that comes at four,
Another one at seven;
But he is waiting for the starry train
That will take him home to heaven.

Dear father is going to leave us,
He is going to cross the sea.
The river of death I mean,
And that means liberty.
I know we all shall miss him,
The neighbors will miss him too.
But the Lord will not forget us all,
The Lord will see us through.

Dear father raised a family,
As kind as they could be,
And naturally they would be that,
For many times we heard him say,
"The boys are just like me!"
He spent his life upon a farm,
Where noble men have lived,
He loved his children dearly
And he loved to speak of them.

But now he is a prisoner,
He was captured in the war,
For this life is a battlefield,
And no one knows what for.
He is lying now upon his bed,
All earthly cares are gone,
His mind is on that heavenly place,
Where soon he'll come up face to face
And meet the celestial throng.

The barns all look so lonesome,
In their silence they seem to cry,
"Oh let me hear that voice again,
That echoed to the sky."

His aspirations were high,
His thoughts were noble too,
He loved to speak of noble men,
And what they all came through,
And now he is on his dying bed,
But his faith is good and strong,
And nature warns him every day,
His life is ebbing fast away,
And his day will not be long.

The spring has come! The maple trees
Are looking now for him,
But trees must meet with disappointments,
As well as other things.

All around the dear old place,
It looks deserted now,
Yet everything so neat!
The vacant chair stands by the stove,
Where he used to warm his feet.

And when the summer time comes on,
And the harvest fields are filled with grain,
It will make us think of him who sleeps,
Out in the cold, the rain, the sleep,
The friend we'll see no more.

Oh, heavenly city! That glorious place!
Where death can never roam.
It is not like this cruel world of ours,
Where life is like a bunch of flowers,
We stagger on in sun and showers,
Until we reach the tomb.

And when we reach that silent grave,
That place of tears and pain,
We turn around and walk away,
And seldom there we ever stray,
We leave him in the rain.

And when we all return again to
The dear old home,
We will not find them there,
Not lying on the lounge
Or singing in the chair.

Those broad old fields will never
Find him roaming o'er their plains.
But other men from distant lands
Will come along as hand in hand
And sing their songs again.

And when July and August comes,
These burning days in summer,
The night hawk from the starry sky
Will sing his glorious lullaby,
And sing them without number.

Oh! how he loved to watch the moon!
Through all those happy years,
He loved her in the dead of night,
When all the world was starry bright,
While travelling over land and sea,
Over forest, lake and lonely hills,
He watched her say, good night!

And down she fell no more to rise,
The next night, to his great surprise,
He looked right up into the skies,
But no moon could he see,
And yet he knew the moon was there,
She always keeps her place,
But sometimes God will pull the veil,
And then she'll hide her face.

Sometimes she looks ashamed to shine,
On such a wicked world below,
A race of wicked, simple men,
That stagger through the snow.

But on she goes, no storm can stop,
Or even check her flight.
For she is governed by the Hand,
That pulls her out of sight!

The moon is like a great big fire,
That shines among the heavenly choir.
She rolls along, she never rests,
Of course, she rolls from east to west,
I think he loved the moon the best,
Because she keeps up with the rest,
And always seems so near.

Sometimes she glides along the fields,
She peeps in every den and cave,
But never stops to rest.
Although she shines there just the same,
While rising in the West,
Sometimes the moon will waste away,
Until she is like a thread;
I've seen her in the dead of night,
Hanging her little silver light,
Among the naked pines.

But thread-like as she may appear, she is not afraid to
fall,
She is not afraid of prairie fire or wild tornado strong,

She knows the one that placed her there,
Will pull her safe along.
And now he is lying in his grave,
Where winter winds will roam,
And summer gales will softly blow,
A place where bears and Indians roamed
A thousand years ago.

ON THE TITANIC.

Oh! What an awful night they had,
The night the ship went down.
The millionnaires were there;
And the poor! they stood around,
The rich they felt so proud,
And the poor they felt so free,
They would not speak on land,
Nor they wouldn't speak at sea.

But the ship she glided on,
Without a word to say,
Until she struck the berg
And then she passed away,
And so the ship she kept right on
And was not a bit afraid,
She cares not for rocks nor bergs
Nor for the lonely grave.

How little did they think
When they left old England's shore
That they would never see the land
That they were sailing for!

Oh! how deceitful time is,
It made them feel so free
While sailing in the largest ship,
To the bottom of the sea.

Oh! how we are warned to value time,
While travelling here below,
For the world is so deceitful,
Wherever you may go.

They thought themselves all safe and sound,
And not a bit afraid,
While travelling in the largest ship
The world has ever made.
The ships are a light in their place,
Just like the tiny flowers,
Until the enemy comes along
And then they are devoured.

Oh! simple man don't feel too safe,
And don't you feel too strong,
If you are on an iron ship
And that ship five miles long,
For the rocks don't care for iron ships!
And the bergs care less you see!
For you can't sink the icebergs
While rolling on the sea.

You can sink old England's ships,
You can sink them with your hand,
But the icebergs will not sink
Unless they are on land.
And when the iceberg passed along
And gave that deadly blow
It made her shake from stem to stern
Like the hand of an angry foe.

Oh! how they cried and moaned for help!
But no help came that way,
While the iceberg she kept rolling on
As happy as a bird of song
That sings the days away.

And when she grew too heavy,
And the water got in so sly,
She tipped her stem a little bit,

And said, old world, "Good-bye!"
She was the largest ship
That swung out in the deep,
It was there she met her fate
While some were fast asleep.

She got an awful blow
And she got one on the ground
And that's what made her famous
All the world around.

And when I think of wars and caves,
Of naked hills and lonely graves,
And dungeons dark, where prisoners grieve,
And mothers, orphans, far from home,
And scaffolds cold, and bloody men,
And lovely flowers that grow unseen,
And all the things that come and go
To fill our hearts with joy or woe,
The hearts that bleed with pain,
The hearts that sometimes flutter,
Are not as sad as striking ships,
Sinking in miles of water.

Oh little birds and busy bees
And spiders, how you flutter!
You have your day to work away
Like the ships upon the water.
And little flowers, I must speak of you;
You are so good, you are so true,
You never try to hurt or sting,
Or try to harm a living thing.

I love your little pale, sweet face,
I know you are filled with a Saviour's grace,
And that's why you allow the busy bees
That roam among the lonely trees,
To feed upon your tender leaves—
I know you want to help the bees—
Before you fade away.

And there is the little tender fly
That runs across the shutters.
And when the ships are lost at sea,
Not a word it mutters.
And if you move, it flies away,
As happy as they were,
The day before the ship went down,
Without a heavenly care.

And why should flies, and birds and bees,
Sings their songs among the trees,
When heavy ships are lost at night,
And men in war are filled with fright?
Who knows the most, or what knows the least,
Everything that has life comes for a feast,
So what can we do or what will we fear,
But struggle along till we all disappear.

SCOTCH LAD AND LASSIE.

A little boy and little girl
Came out across the raging sea:
They came from bonnie Scotland!
The land that they call free.

They wandered through the city here—
They wandered many days alone,
Until they met each other
And then they felt at home.

And now they walk the streets together,
They care not for the rich or poor,
They're going back to bonnie Scotland
To greet some friends they'll see no more.

And when they step on Scotland's shore,
The land where funerals moved along—
The place where tears were shed;

I hope they will not forget their grave
The city of the dead.

And when they wander up and down,
And view all things that can be seen,
I hope they will not forget the room,
The place where they have never been

Next Friday they'll be joined together,
The cab will stop right at the door
And take them to the noble church
Where they have been before.

And there the minister will read the law,
And see that things are right
And then they will be glad to say,
That they are man and wife.

How good it is to keep the law!
And never mind the dungeons dark,
But walk up straight and push ahead,
An then you'll make a mark.

And when they step on that iron ship,
The war horse out for Scotland,
I hope they pray they will land alright,
In case they reach the bottom.

For this life, it is a mystery,
Some are filled with childish glee,
Then the next day you can't find them
In the bottom of the sea.

ON THE BELLS.

Oh! how I love to hear the bells, give out their deadly
warning,

It should make the thousands in the streets
Think of the judgment morning.

Oh! how I love to hear that bell
You can hear it in the spring or fall,
It's down on old Alexander street
And it swings above the heavy wall.

It has been hanging there for many years,
In the days of long ago,
When the birds were busy with their nest,
And the bands they played their very best,
When the streets were full of snow.

God help the men who are robed in black
To hate the little petty dollar
They must have realized when young,
That life was just a fading flower.

And "Mount Royal," I must speak of you,
You are so kind, you are so true,
You hang up there both night and day,
To break the storms that pass away.

And business men I hope you will pray,
That you may increase in wealth and power,
But not in the wealth of a world like this,
For this is only a fading flower.

Everything I see tells me this,
That life is nothing but a show,
And you all know that this is true,
No matter where you go.

To-day there are men all robed in wealth,
As careless as a foreign knave,
To-morrow they'll be robed in black,
All ready for the grave!

And so things moved along the same
One thousand years ago,
For men were up at the break of day,
To see a passing show.

Oh! how I love to hear the bells,
I love to hear them toll,
They tell you of the city fires,
They warn you of your soul!

They drive the trucks all off the streets,
And make it level as the ground
Then comes a band of the bravest men
To run the fire down.

Oh! how I love to hear that bell,
It hangs up in the tower,
It was carried there by dying men
To warn them every hour.

God bless the bells; the glorious bells,
Their cry goes out through all the land;
They call the people in millions up,
To take their children by the hand.

God bless the men all robed in black,
They love to celebrate the mass,
It represents the precious blood,
That Jesus shed upon the cross.

And when some cities are old and gone,
And forests are changed to fields of grain,
The bells will cry there in the towers,
They will toll there just the same.

And when the ravishings of time,
Have forked through mountains, rocks and hills
And torn cities down
And built them up more grand;
Millions of people at the break of day
Will take their children by the hand.

And lead them up to that good old church,
That has fought so many battles brave;
A church that has stood for two thousand years,
And failed to find her grave.

ON THE DEATH OF MOTHER.

Oh! What an awful night I had,
The night that mother died:
The wind kept whistling in the eaves;
The ships were gliding through the seas;
The leaves kept flying from the trees
And nothing seemed to give me ease,
But filled me full of grief.

My mind was filled with pain and woe
I couldn't see a friend or foe,
I turned around but not to go—
And then I fell asleep!

I slept a little while,
And then I heard a rap,
I walked up gently to the door,
And there I met a begger man.
A man I never saw before,
He touched his hat, I said, "Come in,
And I will give you bread."
He said, "Is that your mother?
And is your mother dead?"

"Oh! yes," said I, "that is my mother,
The best that you can find;
She helped the poor for sixty years,
And always fed the blind."
And then the tears came in his eyes,
And mine were filled up too,
And then we both sat down and cried,
It was all that we could do.

And then we sat and talked a while,
Then he walked up to the bed,
He kissed the darling on the cheek
And turned around and said,

"God's blessing on you both."
And then he closed the door.
And gently walked away,
The walk he never took before.

And when the news went all around,
The news about my mother;
The neighbors, they came rushing in,
Just like the wintry weather
Then we carried her to her little grave,
The churchyard near the station,
Where she will wait, wait patiently,
Wait for her generation.

And when the burning summers come,
And the heavy winters follow too,
And all the bells swing in the towers,
To tell the sinners what they should do;
And when I hear these heavy bells,
And hear them in the towers,
And when I think of mother's beads
How well she knew what the sinner needs,
And what they need this hour.

And when I think of my dear old home;
It was there I found myself alive,
Clinging to my mother's dress,
And hanging to her side.
And when the sun was going down,
I heard the night-hawks in the west,
I was then a little boy of four;
And mother she had gone to rest.

I sat there by the garden gate,
I sat there all alone,
My dress was short, my legs were bare,
But I was safe at home.

The night-hawk he kept crying there
Away up in the sky alone.
It made me think what a fearless bird,
And all the other birds at home.
They love the sky; there is so much space,
No one can harm or mar that place;
And they are filled with a Saviour's grace.,
That keeps them from all harm.

They are a very pretty bird,
And just as happy as they can be
Although they never sing a song.
And never light upon a tree,
They never sing or build a nest,
They lay their eggs upon the ground.
Where they can take a solid rest
And known they are hard to find.

Oh! how I loved to hear that bird,
When I was but a child,
Wandering over the naked fields,
And through the meadows wild,
And when I think of my boyhood days,
And think of all my brothers,
Oh! What a world of wealth I'd give,
To be there again with mother.
I loved my dear old home,
When I was just a little lad,
Everything that I could see
Seemed to make me glad.

But oh the ravishings of time,
Has taken everything away;
And not a little place is left.
A place where I could stay!
And all the little things are gone,
The night-hawk with his tiny song,
And all the birds that were so fond
Will sing their songs no more for me.

And now I see the hills and trees,
The fences and the farm!
And mother with her heavenly face,
Coming from the barn!
I think I see the heavy woods
And hear the axes in the trees,
And dear old mother by the stove
Praying on her knees.

And now I think it is winter there;
And I hear the wind around the eaves,
And now I see the naked trees,
Once well supplied with leaves!

And now I see it is changed to spring,
The trees, they are dressed up again,
And cattle roaming o'er the fields,
The place where they have never been.

And now I think it has changed to fall,
I see the leaves; some painted red,
Old Father Time, he dressed them up,
Because he knew the leaves were dead.

Oh! why should we fear the cold silent grave!
When we shall never go down.
It's the house we are in,
That is burdened with sin,
That is left alone in the ground.

I gaze on the snow, where the cold winds blow,
Where the icicles hung by the window,
And I think in my sleep when the little ones peeped,
As they gazed through the window in wonder.

It was then summer time and the storm raged without,
While the birds were all huddled together
To wait for a day till the storm passed away
To give them a chance to turn out.

Oh! simple man who roams this world,
Of sorrow, pain and song,
All nature warns you every day
Your life is ebbing fast away
And your day will not be long.

And when the night comes rolling on,
And you to bed must go,
I think I see in distant lands,
Some homeless ones without a hand
To lead them through the snow.

The birds that glide along the sea
They don't forget to sing
And praise the One who gives them strength,
To glide upon the wing.

And why not I, poor, simple I,
Whose life is but a day,
Whose moldering bones will force
My neighbors from their homes,
To lay me in the clay.

How badly I feel at times when I gaze upon the snow,
And think of all the ragged feet
That rambled through these dismal streets,
Where friendless faces in thousands meet;
And the wind drives to and fro.

And your poor darling she is there,
With gentle voice she moves along,
I know she is there, and very fair
For you to gaze upon.
You love her much, she loves you great,
You may go home together,
She may go in summer time,
And you in wintry weather.

You may go in the summer,
You may go in the fall,
For God has not a certain time,
Yet he comes for one and all.
He may come in the morning,
When the sun is rising high,
And He may come in the evening,
When the lark is in the sky.

But it matters not, what time He comes,
If He only comes right well,
And leaves us where we'll never hear
The groans of those in hell.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

Oh! why does the ocean roll?
And why do the rivers run?
And why do the birds sing in the trees?
The bumblebees among the leaves?
And the chipmunk in the sun?

And why do the little trees stand the storm,
While the great ones are ready to break?
And why does the wicked man die in his bed,
While the innocent die in the lake?

And why do the people pray so loud,
While others curse and blow?
And why does the grass bird sit in the rain,
While others sit in the snow?

And why does the ocean roll?
And why do the rivers run?
And why does the squirrel run out on the limb,
And sit there alone in the sun?

And why does this world roll?
And why so many suns set?
And why are we left here so many long years,
To moan, to groan and to fret.

Oh why do the lions roar
In the forests so far away?
And why does the little grass bird sing his song,
While sitting alone on the hay.

Oh! Why do the people laugh?
And why do the little ones cry?
And why does the robin not sing his song.
Like the lark alone in the sky?

And why are some boys raised to
Die on the scaffold alone,
While others are turned out to do for themselves,
And finally sit on a throne?

And why does the storm rage and howl,
As though it would never stop?
And the poor old man from his bed of rags,
Into the street, and there he flags,
Another old fellow covered with rags,
And in they go for a drop.

And why do they drink that foaming thing,
That has taken so many down deep in sin?
And are they on their road to heaven or hell?
Is a question we all think right well,
After taking their friendly drop.

Oh! What a world we inhabit
A world of mystery and song!
But we know the One who brought us here,
Will not leave us here very long.

Oh! Why are the people in trouble,
In trouble from morning till night?
And why don't the people grow wiser,
Grow wiser before it is too late?

Oh! Why do we ask such strange question?
And why do all children meddle?
We think we are bright, and we think we are great,
But the whole thing to us is a riddle.

I had a dear old mother,
But she did not live by the sea,
But the reaper quietly passed one day,
And stole her away from me.

THE RINGLING CIRCUS.

The Ringling Circus pulled in to-day,
And was certainly the grandest show,
That the Montrealers ever saw,
With twenty-three elephants in a row!

The bears and tigers they were there,
All lounging in the sun,
While the hyena climbed the iron bars,
And put the boys all on the run.

The "Ringling Circus" is a wonderful show,
And known all the world around;
It came directly from New York,
To perform here on the circus ground.

Twenty-nine elephants stood in a row,
While the bears and lions howled and growled,
It made me think of long ago,
When all the world was a ringling show.

When the heavy pines they tossed their heads,
Where the wild animals fought below,
And the Indian quietly pushed ahead,
Not caring for that kind of a show.

But the best of all was the long-legged giraffe,
Staggering about in his wooden cage,
Cropping the leaves off a tiny tree,
A tree much older than he in age.

Oh! What independence one can see
Under a tent of a travelling show!
If you would notice the wild hyena
That's watched by humanity wherever he goes.

The hyena is always on the go;
His home it is in foreign lands.
He was captured there by the sin cursed race;
And brought here by their cruel hands.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

The Whippoorwill has funny laws,
And yet I think his laws are right,
He never shows up in the day,
But always pulls out in the night.

And when you are a little funny,
And feel a little somewhat glad,
The Whippoorwill will come along
And make you feel a little sad.

The Whippoorwill has a lovely voice,
And sings out on the road so bold,
It makes me think of long ago,
When I was five or six years old.

But now you sit all robed in white,
You're bent and old and nearly gone,
You struggled for the things of life,
While the Whippoorwill he sang his song.

And when the rain is falling down
Upon the dead leaves by the wall,
It makes me think of the Whippoorwill,
That sings at night in the dreary fall.

And when the forests have shed their leaves
And harvests garnered in the barns,
The Whippoorwill in the dead of night
Will sing his song on the lonesome farms.

The good old farm with its narrow lane,
Where the cattle used to come and go,
And the country girl in her pink sun-bonnet,
Would hurry the cows to and fro.

But he always leaves a light behind,
To guide the pilgrims on their way,
Until he makes his daily round,
And then he takes the light away.

But is that light, or is it death?
That shows poor mortal where to go,
While staggering through a world like this,
A world of sorrow, pain and woe.

The heavenly lights are like the ships,
You can never tell when they'll strike the docks,
For they are subject to the storms,
But never subject to the rocks.

Oh! silvery moon are you not tired?
And sick of travelling there so long?
And when I have slept a thousand years,
I think you will smile on the mighty throng.

And when I reach my silent celi,
I know it will be dark and gloomy there,
Oh! What a place that will be for me,
All wrapped in dark despair.

No one will care to trouble me,
Or try to unlock my prison door,
I will have the vault all to myself,
For then I will be on the other shore.

HAVE MERCY ON US.

Oh! Lord have mercy on us, now
Before we pass away,
For life it is so very short
No matter where we stray.

There are new things coming on,
And inventions every day;
But not a new thing coming on
That will invent a thing to stay.

And when a new thing comes along
One would think it came to stay,
But just as soon as it comes on
It starts to run away.

For everything it disappears,
Like the bubbles on the water;
Or like the days of long ago,
When we loved to meet each other.

Or like the walls of the Cæsars Great,
That scorned the pendulum of the clock,
The clock that swung the walls all,
Down run the cities out of sight

Yes, the clocks they ticked the walls all down,
And drove the Cæsars into dust,
And will tick the cities out of sight
And will turn the nations into rust.

And when ten thousand years are gone
The seconds they will come and go,
Just like the little drops of rain;
Or like the tiny flakes of snow.

WHY DOES THE SNOW FALL.

Why does the snow fall from the clouds?
And does it come on the slide,
For it wants to leave the very same way,
It wants to go out on the glide.

Why can't it stay until June or July?
And never mind running away for a ride,
But the Lord has named it to run for its life
And be sure and go out with the tide.

For the laws of God are very great,
And must be kept with fear,
Or the earth will open her prison doors,
And then it will disappear.

And if the snows and rains were never allowed
To run, to bound or to glide,
In a very short time England's ships
Would never go out with the tide.

For the sun keeps working day and night
And pulls away with ease,
But it all tumbles back again from the clouds
And seems to come with a breeze.

And if snows and rains were never allowed
To get back with the breeze,
In a very short time England's ships
Would all stick fast in the seas.

THE DREARY FALL.

Oh cold and dismal days and heavy drops of rain,
You come all filled with mirth
You beat against my window pane
And then hide in the earth.

Oh, sporting winds that around me play
Your tireless wings will always roam
And when ten thousand years are gone,
You will sigh around my lonely home.

And gloomy day and heavy clouds
That mope along the western main,
You carry nothing in your ships,
But thunder, lightning, snow and rain.

And lonely fall I know you are here,
I hear the beechnuts falling on the leaves
The blackbirds they have disappeared
And not a bird is in the trees

And now I hear the winds at rest,
But they will soon get up again,
For the flowers they need their fragrant breath,
To cheer them in the way of death,
For they will never live again.

And little flowers that start to grow,
In some unknown place.
You never try to run away
But simply stay from day to day.
Out-paint your lovely face.

I said that you would die where you were born,
If you had your own way,
While other flowers go journeying on
As happy as the winds of song,
That sings o'er mother's clay.

And humble wind I love your way,
Although by times you are filled with sin,
It's then we turn our back on you,
And yet we love to drink you in.

And business men with noble minds.
You have your work to do,
You have a work with greater power
Than kings who rule this very hour
To crush their fellow men.

Here comes the hearse and prancing horses
All ready for the flight,
To run the dying down the street,
Yet keep them out of sight.

IMAGINATION.

Sometimes I think I am at rest,
Beneath the cold and silent earth
And the storms sweeping o'er the West,
The storms that disturb all human mirth.

God speaks to men in various ways,
We hear his voice in the midnight storm,
And the shriek of the cars in the dead of night,
Tell us that others are journeying on.

He speaks through iron, steam and storm,
And drives the ships far out of sight,
And brings the lonesome trains all back,
The cars that left in the dead of night.

Oh, winter winds that round me roar,
And summer gales that round me steal,
Will you not find me some little place,
From sorrow, pain and woe.

And now I hear the winds around my grave,
I see my hands across my breast,
The birds have sung their morning songs
And the sun is sinking in the west.

I see my eyes far back and gone,
My face so pale and cold,
And all the millions in the world,
Keep struggling on for gold.

I see some strangers near my grave,
They want to read the letters there,
Their minds are filled with earthly things,
Their minds are full of earthly care.

And now they are gone and the summer too,
I hear the winds of winter blow,
I see my grave all painted white,
All covered o'er with snow.

Oh winter winds that round me creep,
And summer gales that round me steal,
Is there no place in all the world,
A place where I could kneel.

Oh, lonesome pines that bow and bend,
That murmur all the year around.
Will you not warn me what to do?
Before I sink into the ground.

I know there are many all wrapped in white,
All robed in earthly clay,
And calmly resting patiently,
Waiting for the judgment day.

The kings are there, the beggars too,
They all went down against their will,
Like children that are driven to school.
To learn to do their master's will.

I think I am dead a hundred years,
And hear the winds that around graves roam,
And the crashing thunders in summer time,
The thunders that shake the dead men's bones.

Oh, prairie vast and slippery sky,
And little fly what will we do,
You fly away before I die.
But I may die before you do.

Oh! naked trees and lonely rivers,
That gently move in the lonely woods,
When I am dead a thousand years,
I would gladly visit you if I only could.

But when poor mortal turns to clay,
And the fearless winds sweep o'er his grave,
And the noisy world keeps rolling on,
Poor mortal man has nothing more to say.

Oh! how we are kept in darkness here,
Although the sun it shines all day,
And when the night comes rolling on,
The sun has nothing more to say.

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